

Obie Trice "Synopsis"

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[Intro - Obie Trice - talking] + (Green Lantern)
The Conspiracy (yeah, yeah ...)
Green Lantern (what up, what up)
Hey Green I'ma talk to 'em man
That's all on this one (Obie Trice y'all) (*echo*)

[Verse 1 - Obie Trice]
My momma look in my face with praises
Amazin grace to see her son on a paper chase (paper
chase)
She ain't gotta face the jake, runnin up in her place
Cause her son's on a paper chase (paper chase)
And she ain't gotta face my frame, layin up in her wake
Cause her son's on a paper chase (paper chase)
Obie Trice, toggle back and forth with options
This is my life, the block or your Magnum-voxs
The synopsis, clogs my logic
You wanna be mobsters
Roll on a roster like we's imposters
Like we's in D needs to be stopped
Like we don't bleed and breathe hip-hop, and so they
knock us
But this accomplishment is far more fetch than one's
knowledge
It's impossible, we will never be stopped
Shady's inevitable, our heavy influence in medley crew
Who grew from a old school's point of view
Earn from the best, learn to play chess with words
The circumstances sayin we herbs
But that's aight, Soundscan sayin we word
And I'm pronouncin numbers, I ain't never in my life
heard
And you ain't gotta touch it, fuck it, say I'ma puppet
I hit the public, motherfuckers love it
Obie Trice 2003, summer, newcomer, I'm comin
Bump me in your buckets (fuck it)

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